



SAILED THE SEAS 38 YEARS.

One of His Experiences.

For thirty-eight years Capt. Lord followed the sea, most of that time as master of a vessel, and upon returning from the water was appointed by the Secretary of the United States Treasury to superintend the seal fisheries in Alaska, which position he held five years. He relates one experience as follows:

"For several years I had been troubled with general nervousness and pain in the region of my heart. My general condition was sleepless; it was almost impossible at any time to obtain rest and sleep. Having seen Dr. Miller's remedies advertised I began using them. After taking a small quantity the benefit received was so great that I was positively alarmed, thinking the remedy contained opiates which would finally be injurious to me, but on being assured by the druggist that it was perfectly harmless, I continued to use it together with the Heart Cure. Today I can conscientiously say that Dr. Miller's Restorative Nervine and New Heart Cure did more for me than anything I had ever taken. I had been treated by eminent physicians in New York and San Francisco without benefit. I owe my present good health to the judicious use of these most valuable remedies, and heartily recommend them to all afflicted as I was."—Capt. A. P. Lord, Hampton, Me.

Dr. Miller's Restorative Nervine and New Heart Cure are sold by all druggists on a positive guarantee, or by Dr. Miller Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind., on receipt of price, \$1 per bottle, or six bottles for \$5, express prepaid. They are free from all opiates and dangerous drugs.

Sold by all druggists.

THE DAY OF WORSHIP.

Time for Holding Services by the

EVANGELICAL CHURCH—Church 10:30 a. m., 7 p. m. Sunday School 9 a. m., Prayer Meeting Wednesday, 7 p. m. Rev. Mr. Evans, Pastor.

SABBATHIAN CHURCH—Church 10:30 a. m., 7 p. m. Sunday School 10 a. m., Prayer Meeting Thursday, 7 p. m. Rev. Mr. Evans, Pastor.

T. AUGUSTINE—Mass 8 a. m., High Mass 10 a. m., Vespers 6 p. m., Rev. Mr. Evans, Pastor.

METHODIST—Church 10:30 a. m., 7 p. m., Sabbath School 9:15 a. m., Young People's Meeting 8:30 p. m., Epworth League Meeting Wednesday, 7 p. m., Prayer Meeting Thursday, 7 p. m., Rev. Mr. Evans, Pastor.

PAULUS LUTHERAN—Church 10:30 a. m., 7 p. m., Sabbath School 9:15 a. m., Prayer Meeting Thursday, 7 p. m., Rev. Mr. Evans, Pastor.

JOHNS LUTHERAN—In Freedom Twp., Church 10:30 a. m., 7 p. m., Sabbath School 9:15 a. m., Prayer Meeting Thursday, 7 p. m., Rev. Mr. Evans, Pastor.

MANUAL LUTHERAN—Church 10:30 a. m., 7 p. m., Sabbath School 9:15 a. m., Prayer Meeting Thursday, 7 p. m., Rev. Mr. Evans, Pastor.

ST. PAUL LUTHERAN—Church 10:30 a. m., 7 p. m., Sabbath School 9:15 a. m., Prayer Meeting Thursday, 7 p. m., Rev. Mr. Evans, Pastor.

UNITED BRETHREN—Church 10:30 a. m., 7 p. m., Sabbath School 9:15 a. m., Prayer Meeting Thursday, 7 p. m., Rev. Mr. Evans, Pastor.

UNITED BRETHREN—Church 10:30 a. m., 7 p. m., Sabbath School 9:15 a. m., Prayer Meeting Thursday, 7 p. m., Rev. Mr. Evans, Pastor.

COUNTY RECORD

COUNTY OFFICERS.

Common Pleas Judge.....J. M. Sheets
Clerk.....D. C. Brown
Probate Judge.....J. V. Jones
Prosecuting Attorney.....J. P. Ragan
Sheriff.....E. E. Decker
Auditor.....W. H. Higgins
Treasurer.....J. C. Groll
Recorder.....W. H. Higgins
Surveyor.....J. W. Hays
Coroner.....J. W. Hays
Commissioners.....J. W. Hays
County Engineer.....J. W. Hays
County Jailers.....J. W. Hays

CORPORATION OFFICERS.

Mayor.....D. M. McKim
Clerk.....C. E. Reynolds
Treasurer.....J. P. Ragan
Marshal.....J. P. Ragan
Street Commissioner.....J. P. Ragan
Sanitary Director.....J. P. Ragan
Health Officer.....J. P. Ragan
School Examiners.....J. P. Ragan
Sanitary Director.....J. P. Ragan

JUSTICES OF THE PEACE OF HENRY CO.

Barlow Township.
Joseph Fish, Jr., Justice
Harris Hill, Justice

Danvers Township.
W. C. Johnson, Justice
John Love, Justice

Flat Rock Township.
H. J. Koster, Justice
John P. Curry, Justice

Freedom Township.
Henry Gehret, Justice
Charles Yarnall, Justice

Hammond Township.
H. B. Hall, Justice
Lewis A. Belcher, Justice

Liberty Township.
J. A. Coleman, Justice

Madison Township.
J. P. Dunbar, Justice
P. P. Spangler, Justice

Monroe Township.
H. Crockett, Justice
Frank Foster, Justice

Napoleon Township.
P. D. Printz, Justice
Geo. W. Flisk, Justice

Pleasant Township.
O. W. Fisher, Justice
J. P. Kinstle, Justice

Richfield Township.
C. L. East, Justice
Dove Bretz, Justice

Ridgeway Township.
Jacob Wolf, Justice
W. B. Tubbs, Justice

Township Clerks.
C. H. Hanchett, Justice

Township Clerks.
T. F. Anthony, Ex-Postmaster of Promise O. y., Iowa, says: "I bought one bottle of 'Myrtle Cure' for Rheumatism and two doses of it did me more good than all the medicine I ever took." Sold by D. J. Humphrey, Druggist, Napoleon.

"You are working in the best of health," he said. "Let us know all about the lady. I know I am trespassing on your valuable time, Mr. Belfry, and I simply want to show you that I do not mean to overlook the fact that time is money."

"Oh, don't mention it, Mr. Maxey. I shouldn't think of charging you anything for my little trouble, only I would like to feel sure that you are on the right side and that all is confidential between us."

"Rest assured of all this, Mr. Belfry. The lady's landlord's glance rested abstractedly on the bank note on the table. He seemed to have entirely forgotten its presence."

"The word of a gentleman ought to be enough for me, Mr. Maxey, and I will conceal nothing. Within the last three weeks a certain mysterious female has rung at my bell at least four times. She always comes in the night pretty late, alone and with a dowdy shawl on and a good, thick veil over her face. But don't think I'm an idiot, Mr. Maxey. After being in the lodging house business for ten years I am used to shy-canary like her. She's no servant girl, for people like her can't pick up the ways of serving girls so very easy, and they only mind the matter when they try to pull the wool over the eyes of so old a bird as Belfry."

The lady landlord chuckled and continued:

"First two times she acted nervous and only came to the door and seemed to be covering up her real voice. The next two times she was nervous, but she came in. The last time she got a little scared at her own boldness and left a letter to be delivered to this man Dye immediately on his return, to save herself the trouble of calling again, she said."

"A sealed letter?"

"Oh, ho, of course, of course, Mr. Maxey. Don't think she would tell Belfry any of her business. Oh, no! She was mighty particular about that, but she brought me this envelope all sealed and directed in as pretty a little hand, as you please."

"I suppose," began Maxey hesitatingly, "I suppose it would be hardly justifiable for us to open that letter?"

The landlord responded promptly:

"Oh, no, certainly not. And besides it—it wouldn't do you any good. I think—in fact, I—I kinder guess what's in that letter."

"Guess? How? I don't understand you."

The lady landlord winked so profusely that he actually succeeded in stimulating Maxey's limited knowledge of human depravity into a comprehension of the situation.

"Oh, I see. You mean you have already opened the letter?"

"The letter is just as good as ever it was," returned Mr. Belfry evasively. "It is sealed up as good as before, but a man keeping a humble lodging house can't afford to countenance any underhandness, you know. I like to know the nature of any mail I'm carrying. Belfry is cautious, or he's nothing."

Maxey smothered his secret contempt and smiled.

"Well," he questioned, "and what did the letter say?"

"The letter said," replied Mr. Belfry, marking off the words on the tips of the fingers of a not superlatively clean hand, "the letter said: 'Leander Dye—Come to me in the evening at 16 Livingston street. Come for your own interests and fall to come at your peril. I have some money for you. The sister.' That was the only signature. What do you think of that?"

Maxey was silent.

"As for me," went on the lady landlord, "all these circumstances look queer."

"What did Mr. Dye leave in his room?"

"He left two trunks locked and nothing in them but old clothes, one of them women's and the other men's. There wasn't much flimsy. His rent ain't up for over two months, you understand."

"I understand. What sort of a looking man is Mr. Dye?"

"Belfry's notion of it is that he's some very badly run down parson. Belfry may be wrong, but that's the way he sizes up L. Dye. He might have been enjoying himself too much and the congregation got down on him. It's my experience, Mr. Maxey, after years in the lodging house line, that most of the reverses of this world can be traced, more or less direct, to shy-canary. If a man's down and you go hunting around in his room for the reason of it, 40 to 1 you'll run against a piece of shy-canary, generally too. That's Belfry's ultimatum."

The lady landlord might have moralized for half an hour if the impatient Maxey had not interrupted him:

"I understand all about that. But what I am after now is Mr. Dye. Can you tell me the exact date of his coming and his disappearance?"

Mr. Belfry referred to a greasy pocket diary.

"He came on Dec. 7, Mr. Maxey, and he went on Dec. 9."

Maxey's hair rose at once, but he controlled himself and went on:

"Very well, Mr. Belfry. I now have a proposition to make to you—one that may prove exceedingly profitable to you. If you will by hook or crook—gentle means if possible, forcible means if necessary—bring that Mr. Dye to my rooms the day he sets foot in this house again, or failing to do that keep him a prisoner until I can be sent for—if you can do this I will reward you most liberally. Meantime I shall probably see you again very soon."

Maxey, having transacted his business, arose to go. The landlord's eye rested abstractedly on the \$10 bill lying on the table, but again he did not seem to see it.

date a gentleman," he said. "I want no pay for what I do. I'll see that the rascal is kept for you or brought to you for the sake of helping a gentleman in trouble. It will be all right, sir. Trust Belfry. If he ever sets his foot in this house again, you will know it, if you are at home, within 30 minutes."

"And be sure," cautioned Maxey, "that he sees me before he reads that letter."

The lady landlord chuckled and delivered himself of a comprehensive wink.

"I'm not an idiot," he murmured, "whatever I am, and I'm somewhat used to shy, Mr. Maxey—shy for short, you understand."

"By the way," suggested Maxey, turning almost on the doorstep as a thought occurred to him, "of course you don't know who lives at 16 Livingston street?"

"Oh, don't I, though? I may mention that Belfry looked that up at once. She's a widow, and she's very rich and very stingy. Her name is Forsythe."

There was a ringing in the artist's ears as he went out into the lighted street again. All the way back to Bal-lavine place four little words of the lady landlord were sounding in his mind:

"Her name is Forsythe."

Was it possible that this was the lady whom Lamar was to marry?

CHAPTER VIII.
A NEW LEASE OF LIFE.

They made an armchair of themselves by interlocking their hands and arms, Maxey and Dr. Lamar, to carry her up the long flights of stairs to her new home, this pale, shy girl whom the carefully driven carriage had just brought to the door of the house at the end of the quiet street.

How different from the ominous roll of the departing ambulance was the coming of this jaunty carriage! When Miss Maxey had listened to the first from the parlor window, high above the street, her sympathetic heart felt as if a chill breath from the icy river had touched it. Now she waited at the top of the stairs with a rose in her hair.

Modern science had alone made this arrival possible. For the second time within the short period of a few weeks brain surgery had won another brilliant victory. But there was that about this second and more recent miracle which not even Lamar himself could explain. That the result had exceeded his most daring hopes he had acknowledged, at least to Maxey. To rescue from the grave a trembling paralytic victim, who realizes full well his doom, and himself gives the word which authorizes the dangerous operation as his last fearful chance, is great indeed, but to pour a flood of fullest, freest light into the darkness worse than death that enshrouds an intellect is something so far greater that it rises at once out of the region of human achievement into that unathomed realm of nature's mysteries where the wisest are as children. No Lamar was too scientific a man to believe this triumph all his own, too honest to claim it as his own, but nevertheless the world would count it his. Henceforth he would be great among his fellows.

The victim of the cliff road was still in a very sensitive and precarious state. Her memory of even recent events might fail her at times in the most alarming manner, but her pulse was normal, her appetite good, and every day would show a change for the better—every day away from the hospital, surrounded by sympathetic faces, kind voices and the quiet of a home. So they all believed. So had the carriage come.

This was scarcely the same being who once before had been carried by these four strong arms from the street to the artist's rooms. That form had been submissive and leaden. This shrank in maiden modesty from undue contact. That face had been distorted with the hideous nightmare of perpetual fear. This glowed with all the sweet, shy, womanly emotions that rise in the breast of a young girl when necessity compels to cling in this bold fashion to strangers of the other sex. She obeyed their instructions to put her arms about their necks with a trembling reluctance that was too spontaneous to be counterfeit. I know not what philosophic Dr. Lamar thought, but to Julian Maxey the tremulous touch of that almost transparent little hand was a vague revelation of the possibility of a joy to come greater than any he had ever known.

It was tedious climbing the long flights of stairs in this slow, steady fashion, but it seemed to Maxey in his present ecstatic frame of mind, with a burden such as this to carry, he would willingly have kept on mounting for ever. As for the palpitating burden herself, she was troubled with more sentimentality than usual. This removal, her destination, her new friends, were so many mysteries to her. The truth had purposely been kept from her for a specific reason, and she had been informed only that she was to be taken to a more secluded place than the hospital, where she would be surrounded by brighter influences and would get well the quicker.

Notwithstanding her weakness and her trepidation at finding herself in the arms of the strange men, she was seen to glance with an expression of interest and curiosity upon the house and the entrance into which she was being taken. In spite of Dr. Lamar's assurance to the contrary, Maxey hoped that she would recognize the place and its inmates without a word to aid her. This was the object of his silence to her. It partook of the nature of an experiment.

Miss Maxey, waiting for them in the corridor, held the door open for them to pass in. The girl looked at her in a mute, questioning manner, without a shadow of recognition, that thoroughly disappointed the artist's sister. The doctor's strong tones were the first to break the silence.

"These are your new friends, Miss Dye. Here your home is to be as long as you care to make it. From the time you

expressed a desire not to be taken back to your father they resolved to bring you here."

"They are very good to me," said a faint voice. "But do they know that I am a poor girl without money to pay them for their care?"

"They know everything that is necessary."

Miss Maxey had drawn a great chair in front of the fire and had made it doubly easy with pillows. The comfortable back chamber was in a state of order and neatness wonderful to behold. Everything was in readiness for the return of the patient. They placed her in the chair, and Maxey sighed as the clinging hand left its warm nestling place on her neck. Then they all stood back from her, and she looked about, first at the strange faces of the artist and his sister and then at the various objects which went to make up the character of the room. Her glance wandered to the windows, with the fine prospect far away and the ice clad river underneath, to the piano, the pictures, the bookcases, even to the little white bed in the alcove room, the curtains of which had been purposely drawn back that she might see it.

Maxey could not conceal his disappointment. It was the glance of the stranger. But there was another sentiment in the artist's mind, even stranger than this. In the anxious days when the face which now looked up from the pillows in the easy chair lay on the bed in the alcove room Maxey had often watched it with an insufferable feeling of regret and pity at his heart. The delicate outline of the oval face and the classic features, despite the unnatural expression which distorted the countenance and robbed it of its chief charm, had whispered a sorrowful story of a lost radiance that would have dazzled the eyes of the beholder. And now, as the artist saw this face again, lit up with the light of reason and changing with the varying thoughts, deadly pale and hollow though it was, he realized, with the unerring instinct of a student of the pleasing in nature, that the reality was even stranger than he had pictured it, and he said to himself:

"She will be beautiful."

There was a deeply troubled look in the dark eyes, as they finished the momentary survey of the apartment and came back to rest on Miss Maxey's face. The pale lips murmured something which sounded to her hearers like, "I do not understand."

At any rate, Dr. Lamar took it upon himself to say again:

"These are your friends, Miss Maxey and her brother, who took care of you in your illness. You are to stay here with them as long as you like, to make your home with them, if you will, until you are well, strong and able to go where you desire."

"Charity" whispered the voice, a slight color coming into the face. Dr. Lamar understood the delicate shrinking of a sensitive nature, and feared that it might have a tendency to retard her convalescence. The unscrupulous man lied:

"Not in the least. Your father has secured them to take charge of you during his absence. He was obliged to go away."

"He is not my father," she returned in a clearer voice. The sound of that voice made Maxey's heart beat faster. The accents and intonation were a revelation. They could have been the product alone of refinement and education.

A joyous thought seemed to arise suddenly in the poor girl's mind, a thought that made her eyes glisten and her breath come quick.

She looked eagerly first into Maxey's face and then into the face of his sister. Something seemed to tremble on her lips, but she forbore to utter it. The artist, who had been watching her every movement, started before her.

"Say that you know us; that you recognize this place; that you remember to have been here before!"

The rising color suddenly faded from the pale face, and to the astonishment of everybody she said:

"You are my brother and my sister! You have brought me home!"

Maxey's heart sank. Was her mind wandering? Her eager glance encountered

"You are my brother and my sister!" at their blank and amazed looks, and the trembling joy faded at once from her face.

Ellen spoke up quickly:

"Let it be so, dear Annette. We will be brother and sister to you henceforth."

"Then you are not really so? No, no. I should have known better."

"And you don't recognize the room at all?" Maxey said in a tone of regret.

The dark eyes looked about in increasing perplexity. She said at last falteringly:

"I cannot say, but in my forgotten childhood, which I have tried so hard to remember."

"I don't mean that," interrupted Maxey. "I mean since you have been sick."

The dark eyes turned toward him in wild amazement.

"Was I not taken to the hospital?"

Dr. Lamar looked triumphantly at Maxey, who was evidently disappointed.

"I can remember faces faintly, coming and going, as in a dream."

"Reminiscences of the hospital after the operation," commented Dr. Lamar in an undertone.

Maxey sighed.

"I must give it up," he said. "You were right."

The physician did not reply. His attention was taken by the patient. A

gray pain was creeping into her face. Her eyes closed wearily.

"No more of this," he said authoritatively. "This conversation has been too much for her. Get her to bed, Miss Maxey."

"But we have found out nothing," protested the artist. "It is already two weeks, and you have allowed nobody to question her. Meanwhile we do not know how imperative for the ends of justice it is that we should have this crime explained."

Lamar looked at the artist in stern silence for a moment, and then with a sudden movement seized him, as if he had been an unruly schoolboy, by his ear and led him from the room. When they were in the back parlor, he released him and said with a sternness that was not at all assumed:

"Do you want to undo all that has been done? The girl remains here only upon condition that you obey her physician's orders. Those orders are that you shall absolutely refrain from questioning her or even hinting of the past in any way until you have my permission. I will tell you plainly, it may be for weeks."

"So long!" said Maxey in consternation. "You know I would be the last to do anything which would tend to her injury. But it does seem a shame, by Jove; it does seem a shame!"

He began to pace the floor with his hands behind his back.

"I have my suspicions," he continued. "If you knew them, you would be as impatient as I am."

"I don't it," returned Lamar, "but by and by you will tell them to me, and we shall see. Before that, however, I want to settle your mind on one point. Mrs. Forsythe does not know and never heard of this man Dye. It was utterly ridiculous, of course, that she should, but to satisfy you I have asked her."

"But it is she who lives at 16 Livingston street."

"And it is also her servants who live there!" exclaimed Lamar impatiently. Any reference to his intended bride always had a depressing effect upon the physician. He folded his hands behind him, turned his back on Maxey and looked gloomily out of the window at the river. The artist approached him and laid a friendly hand on his arm.

"Old fellow, I have offended you."

"Nothing of the sort," returned Lamar. "You did simply right. How could you know that the suspicion of the lodging house keeper in Flood street was preposterous? You never saw her."

Maxey was well aware of that. If there was any matter on earth in which he felt he was not in his friend's confidence, it was this matter of his engagement with the Widow Forsythe, and yet his esteem and regard for the man were too great to permit him to neglect an opportunity, such as this, to counsel him.

"Eustace," he began hesitatingly, "I wish I could feel that you wouldn't think that I was presuming on your friendship."

Lamar turned toward him, puzzled and wondering.

"Why, what is all this, Julian?"

"It is my extravagant imagination, I suppose, but I can't get over the impression that your approaching marriage is not—well, that you do not look upon it as you ought."

Lamar turned his head away very quickly.

"Mrs. Forsythe is a lady," he said in a low voice. "She is very handsome. She is a very talented woman. She has a fortune, and I have been called a thousand times a 'lucky dog'."

"You really love her?"

Lamar made an impatient gesture.

"You don't expect me to talk sentiment, I hope?"

Maxey sighed.

"That's the trouble I was afraid of. You are too much wrapped up in your science, and you imagine you don't believe in these things. But I tell you, Lamar, they are just as real and essential as anything else in our lives."

Lamar attempted to force a tone of jocularity.

"When did you experience your last great passage, Maxey?"

"You know I never had one. But I believe in it. I know it, because I have seen it."

"Oh, indeed!" Lamar's words were dry and short, but somehow he looked much more distressed than indifferent.

Maxey went on earnestly: "Eustace, it has been your province on many important occasions to give me advice, and you must acknowledge that in however bad grace I accepted it I generally acted on it. I can't expect you to take mine, but I am none the less going to advise you. If you marry Mrs. Forsythe for her money, you will regret it all the days of your life."

Lamar turned upon him almost angrily. "Who told you that, Maxey?"

The artist replied a little stiffly:

"Nobody. I inferred it from what you said. You do not love her. Don't marry her."

"Love her? No. But, what is more to the point, I esteem and respect her. That is enough. Maxey, this is not an agreeable subject to me. Don't let us refer to it again. My mother has set her heart on this match, and even if I were convinced of its unadvisability I could not honorably retreat now. If there was a time when I had a little romantic feeling for Mrs. Forsythe, and if time and a better acquaintance with her have enabled me to overcome it, why, that is my affair. If I was weak enough or foolish enough to take a hasty, impulsive step in an all important matter—a step which I have since had reason to regret—that is my affair too. If I have said to you that which I have told and shall tell to no other person upon earth, it is because I know you too well to believe that you would betray my confidence. Julian, you will not mention that I have said this much to you to a living soul—not even to me."

He stopped and averted his glance and went on again: "Not even to your nearest and dearest friend. Now, let us change the subject."

Maxey looked at his friend regretfully. Lamar coughed and drummed on the piano.

"Well," said the physician at length, "you were saying that you had your suspicions. Whom do you suspect?"

"I suspect that man Dye. Isn't it somewhat remarkable that he disappeared from the house in Flood street the very same day that this crime was committed on the cliff road?"

"It is worth noting at least. What do the police think?"

"I have not employed the police at all in this matter. I do not propose to as long as it is possible to get along without them."

"That is very foolish of you. Suppose this man Dye should return?"

"I have fixed that with the landlord. I shall know it in half an hour."

"Good!" exclaimed Lamar. "But I am afraid he won't."

"So am I," said Maxey. Lamar looked out of the window at the vast white sheet of ice beneath which the tide flowed on unseen. After a little he turned again, put his hand on his friend's shoulder and said gravely:

"Maxey, we must cause the newspapers to lie for us. We must give it out that the girl is dead; that the operation killed her. If there is anything in this beyond a vulgar wayside robbery, we must put the rascals off their guard by making them feel at their ease."

"Eustace, what are you thinking of? Your reputation?"

"My reputation!" interrupted Lamar, with a momentary bitterness. "Well, he went on in a more guarded tone, 'that will take care of itself. My part in this matter will be known well enough when the time comes. I am not dependent on the newspapers. However, I am not sure that my idea is not a wild one. Can this be done?'"

"Yes, I think so. The manager of The Herald is a friend of mine. He will print it, and everybody will copy it."